MY SWEETHEART IS UP IN THE AIR

By

MAUDE M. CHILDERS

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1. My Sweet-heart is jol - ly, as
2. And how he can drive it, he

mf

jol - ly as can be; and he's al - ways so fun ny when he comes to see me; And he
sure is a won-der as quick as a squirrel he gets out and gets under; He turns

cheers ev' - ry one with his an - tics and his jokes; He makes life worth the liv - ing for
flip flops, and cuts di-does, while still court-ing me, He can stand on his head like a

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all of the folks. He wears a neat leather cap up - on his broad dome, he
fish in the sea. He sails round the zenith a- - bove ev'- ry bird, till the

nev - er for - gets it when he comes to our home; But when we go ri - ding, it
roar of his mo - tor is no lon - ger heard; Of all the game lad - dies there's

does not mat - ter where, How that sweetheart of mine does go up in the air.
none to com - pare, With my dear a - vi - a - tor, the King of the air.
He's

f

CHORUS

up in the air when we go for a ride, al - though he is jol - ly, he is

chuck full of pride; no mat - ter how balmy, how bree - zy, how fair, when we

go for a ride he is up in the air. I know you will think he's some

sort of a freak, so I think it bet - ter for me to speak; it's

up to me pro - per, so I will ex - plain: When we go ri - ding, he

drives an ae - ro - plane!

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D.S.